

Against the Grain

Sauce Money

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"Watch out for your friends" Aiyo, aiyo, you you you got that thing for me, huh?

You thought I was layin it? No no I ain't layin it, I'm takin it

You don't understand? You confused?

How bout if I stuck your fuckin head thru that window

that would unconfuse you right?

Thought I was layin it, give me the fuckin money, come on I'm blamin lame ass rappers frontin for famin

I should open up a casino for all the games you playin

I'm sayin, everyday in a different namin

Plus they homos now, big black niggas flamin

We stressin, that you don't be stressin us

And if you GS and GS then don't be B-S'n us

Just be B-S'n logicly, not like that we be guessin

Because the truth need no modesty

Cristal to spring water, Bacardi whatever

What it is is what it is, we can party together

You know how the game goes when your name grows

But still love is love, fuckin the same hoes

Against the grain goes the souped-up rapper, he spittin venom

So now we gotta get wit him

And do the ten thing, frightenin, while his mens cling

Then watch blood extract out his ass like ginseng

It all ends with all of his mens hit

and now our future friendship, strictly forensic

But that's the life we livin, drivin, that's how we driven

Strivin, you must be robbin, cos I ain't giving, shoot ya guns Now when we bless this, with precise shit

that we suffice with, we keep your mentals lit

Now when we bless this.....

"Watch out..." I see ya overly concernin, ya insides burnin

Mad at the fact Sauce is earnin, with more niggas than Mark Furman

Ya never learnin learnin, never been so determined

Not to be concerned with ya sermon, wheels of fortune still turnin

Still street caviar remains untouched

For Sauce Money cheeseburger deluxe
Screamin what's the croc's fienin, dough we rake off
While you hailin for cabs we, taxi for take-off
Fake crews and units is dubbin
Get ya whole clan wiped out, no scrubbin
For the description given, chapstick flappin
Pistol-whippin nigga rappin, sell arms to keep em clappin
Gungho chicks squeeze for me, crazy G's for me
To see cheese come easily for me
In the same arenas, ain't gotta state his name, you seen us
Few bundles of dope never came between us
Sippin on Bay Breeze's, now we higher than Venus
Comparin thumbs, tryin to see who's the greenest
High strung, no relief pitcher off my tounge
Ace of the staff, Sauce back-to-back Cy Young
Now when we bless this, with precise shit
that we suffice with, we keep your mentals lit
[repeat x3]In the club lit, listen to all my niggas hit
Bitches love me for this disrespectful shit
Fuck em, the only thing I'm with is large amounts, clear
Money the only thing that counts here
By any means like Malcolm
X marks the spot, you know the outcome
Income, never outdone
Rap star, hit the stage dipped in tar
Other crews muerto, can't fuck with this concierto
Too fecicious so I drop new releases til your crew deceases
Screw your pieces, fuck your thesis
Fuck your speeches and fuck your beef
Cos when my crew aim, do more than brush your teeth
It'll split your shit, when it hit your shit
If you don't want your shit hit, don't forget your shit
We don't spar, we aimin all niggas to Allah
When it's spent and to the nazarine if ya 85 Percent
Do what I gotta, straight shot of Jack
Amareddo colada for my bitch in the back
Never bluffin, never rap for nothin
Rap flow, don't love it, sincerely yours, Sauce motherfuck it

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